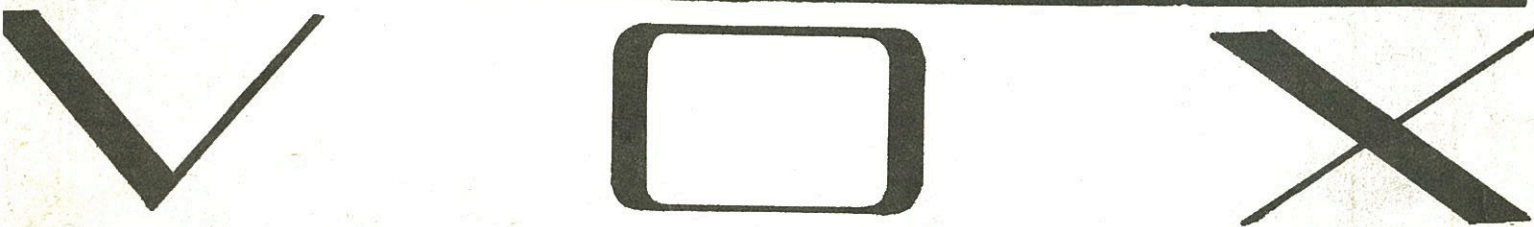


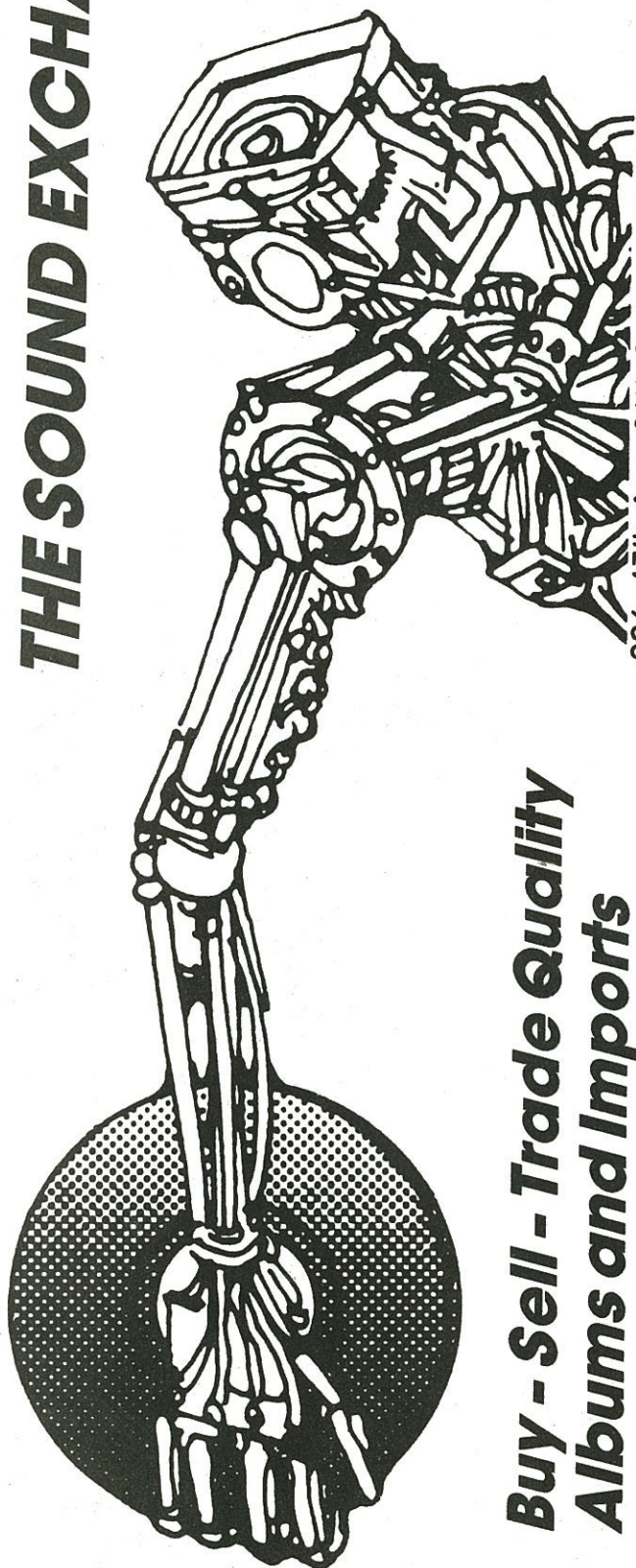
THINK OF IT,
ELLEN... A
WORLD FULL
OF **WEIRDOS!**

THAT
WOULD BE
WONDERFUL...



The Programme Guide to CJSW Radio 101.5 Cable FM

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The Programme Guide to CJSW Radio 101.5 Cable FM
September, 1983.

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CJSW Radio

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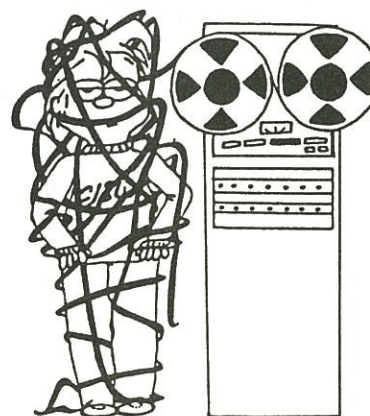
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North Hill News

get radioactive



If you're interested in Radio Journalism, come see us
at CJSW ---- Room 118 MacEwan Hall

The Nostrils of God

The first issue of **VOX** is almost to the printers and you're probably wondering why we bother.

Everyone who works at **CJSW** cares about music. When a truly "great" song enters our systems, it sends the proverbial "shivers down the backbone." And, when music can have that kind of mindblowing or deeply profound effect upon you, your first impulse is to share your "find" with other people.

Most of you are aware of how limited your musical choices are and unless you have an older sibling with dynamite records, a friend whose imports makes you green, or the luck of the gods to be in the right place at the right time, your exposure to music is restricted. I'm not saying your taste is "bad"; it's just limited. Like any other area you take seriously — the more you know, the more discriminating your taste.

The role of college radio stations like **CJSW** is to give you the exposure you're lacking in an entertaining, intelligent package. For the majority of people, their musical taste is based upon repeated exposure to songs a man in a three-piece business suit and a briefcase full of computer sheets picks. The selection process has very little to do with the quality of the music.

The lack of quality music that finds its way to mass exposure disturbs the people at **CJSW**. For this reason, **CJSW** and **VOX** approach music from an alternative standpoint. There's no sense in **VOX's** reviewing "The Police", as good a band as they are. You've already got at least two of their albums and Sting's picture on your wall. But, **The Style Council** (featured in this issue) are just as accessible and just as talented.

If only the names of the bands and a smidgen of interest remain with you after you turn the last page, then there's a far better chance that the next time you're in a record store, you'll say, "Let me hear some **Bauhaus**." Yes, the bands we're writing about are obscure but they're only obscure because you haven't heard of them yet.

The second dilemma **VOX** sees in the music industry is the lack of originality and artistic integrity in popular music (See "David Bowie is a Slut" towards the back). It is next to impossible for young musicians who are playing original music to get the exposure they need to continue experimenting. These are the musicians who will one day contribute a great song or album or idea to our musical consciousness. Without them, the music gets stale and stupid real quick!

In order to give these artists support on a local level, **VOX** gives you **LOCAL MOTION**, this month featuring **The Will....** We also include an entertainment calendar for 10 ft. Henry's (a rehearsal and appreciation space for struggling bands) under the heading **VOX TROT**.

When I first stumbled into the four walls that are **CJSW**, I thought I had pretty hot musical taste. Then some D.J. said, "You gotta hear this!", and cranked up "Gloria". Sheer and utter ecstasy ... I couldn't stop shaking. There are hundreds of songs (past, present, and **FUTURE**) that could have that effect on me and it makes me angry and more than a little sad that I'll probably never hear them. If **VOX** improves my chances even by one song, it will have been worth it.

If you are a musician, promoter, writer, photographer or artist who share the same goals as **VOX**, contact us.

Shelley Youngblut

VOX Room 118 MacEwan Hall
The University of Calgary
Phone 284-3644 for more information.



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Melody Maker NME The Face Smash Hits Last Issue

Rant and Rave

Alot of people upon being informed that I'm with CJSW, immediately ask how much money I make. This question always rattles me a little because one assumes that everybody knows that CJSW is a volunteer operation.

Granted, the station manager gets a decent salary, certain department heads receive honorariums and it's rumoured that producers will receive beer money this year, however, myself and most of the staff do it for free. Gratis. No charge. Money does not change hands. No monetary motivation (this must be stressed, because I'm really sick of people asking.)

The question that follows is: Why do I do this? Last Christmas there was one of those heart warming, family type shows on television. It centers on a choir that attempts to perform Handel's Messiah. When a stodgy soprano storms out of practice after calling the whole choir a bunch of amateurs, the choir director makes one of those great, made-for-TV inspirational type speeches. In it he explains that the word amateur is from the Latin root "amare" meaning: to love. An amateur therefore does what he/she does for the love of it. In this sense an amateur is better than his/her professional - perhaps mercenary - counterparts. Of course the choir, on hearing the old director's words, is filled with such zeal as to overcome any obstacle that the TV script throws at them.

Now I don't expect you to buy any of that D.J. for the of it crap. There are alot of benefits one gets from being at the station: Being able to hear great new tunes, especially imports, months before regular radio picks it up, if they pick it up at all, possessing the ability to rattle off the names of 14 obscure bands to the amazement of friends and relatives, meeting such earth shattering celebrities as D.O.A.'s Joey Shithead, but, the real motive has to be with the feeling of power.

It's like this, baby. There are people out there listening, and you can hook 'em with a few words over a base line from the beginning of song by a band with a lead singer who can yank your heart out and make it beat or bleed or anything he wants to. It's playing something so cold and alienating followed by rebound sound from way back when that's warm and half remembered followed by something that sounds sort of similar except it was recorded over a decade later.

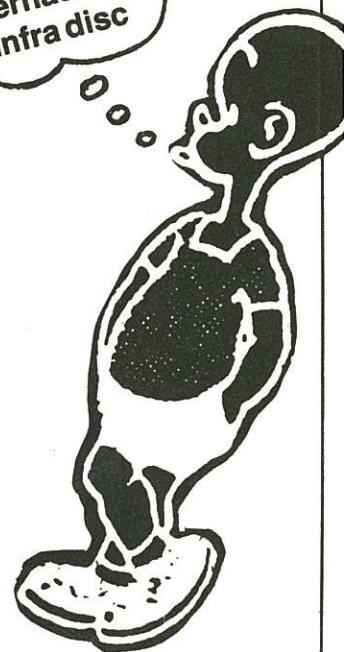
True, I can only make it work maybe one out of four tries, but when you pull it off you know that somebody out there got it.

O.K. so that's why. That and the fact that nobody believes it when I tell them I collect aluminum foil.

Johnny B. Uganda

Vox Trot

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at infra disc



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C LIMITS

Henry's Performance Appreciation Society Schedule

- Sept. 22 Infra Disc
- Sept. 23 **The Unusuals**
- 24 **The Unusuals**
- Sept. 25 Poetry with **Murdoch Burnett**
and **Blake Brooker**
Doors at 8 p.m.
- Sept. 27 **Eugene Chadbourne**
- 28 "Shockabilly" Doors at 8 p.m.
- Sept. 29 Infradisc
- Sept. 30 **The Left Book Club**
- Sept. 30 **The Left Book Club**
- Oct. 1 **The Left Book Club**
- Oct. 6 Infradisc
- Oct. 7 **The Nex'd**
- 8 **The Nex'd**
- Oct. 13 Infradisc
- Oct. 14 **The Golden Calgarians**
- 15 **The Golden Calgarians**

For More Information or Weekly Updates call 245-5154

10 ft. Henry's 509 - 9th St. S.W.
Doors at 10 p.m. unless stated otherwise

Local Motion

The Will ... presently control the underground scene in Calgary and threaten to displace The Golden Calgarians as Calgary's musical ambassadors to the rest of Canada.

The Will ... have relied on original material from the outset and when reaction was bad, they still managed to maintain their optimism. As the band told Vox,

People didn't really know whether we were serious or just goofs... We frightened them.

The band continued to pursue quality in their music and resisted the temptation of gaining quick acceptance through playing covers - Live, Davidson has grown from a gangly, reciting poet to an inspired showman, dynamically coiling, then springing and pulsating to the band's intricate dance rhythms.

The Will ... realizes they are not the most accessible but maintains a laissez-faire attitude towards the audience,

Whenever we play, we play for one person. There's gotta be one person who likes it and all the rest can leave.

Nevertheless the band impresses more and more with their live antics. The Will ... has a dedicated following that have not only turned out to see the band week after week, but have grown to admire their off-beat charisma.

Because of this support, The Will... have

released a 5 song E.P. entitled "Causau Sui." This mini album is to promote the band and though it is not as strong as their live performances, it portrays them as a band with potential. The record serves as a framework for the album that will inevitably follow as the band becomes more adept at studio recording.

Standout tracks on the E.P. include "Funky Babylon", "Live In Animation" and "Garden of Love." The latter, described by the band as "cow-town-type song", is based upon a William Blake poem. Don explains,

I found the poem and it was one I thought I would have written. He was saying what I wanted to say and since I'm not talented enough to write myself, I figured I might as well steal it.

So goes the saga of lyrical integrity.

The Will... can be accessible to everyone. The main task the band now faces is to overcome the general apathy in Calgary without alienating the fans they have already claimed.

Though general response to "Causau Sui" has been favorable, the band is forgiving towards its critics. The only setback the band has had was a negative critique from FM Moving Pictures host, Mike Bezzeg. The band admits that Bezzeg "is a good guy, though. He's honest and has guts."

Can Calgary deal with such an arrogantly forgiving band?

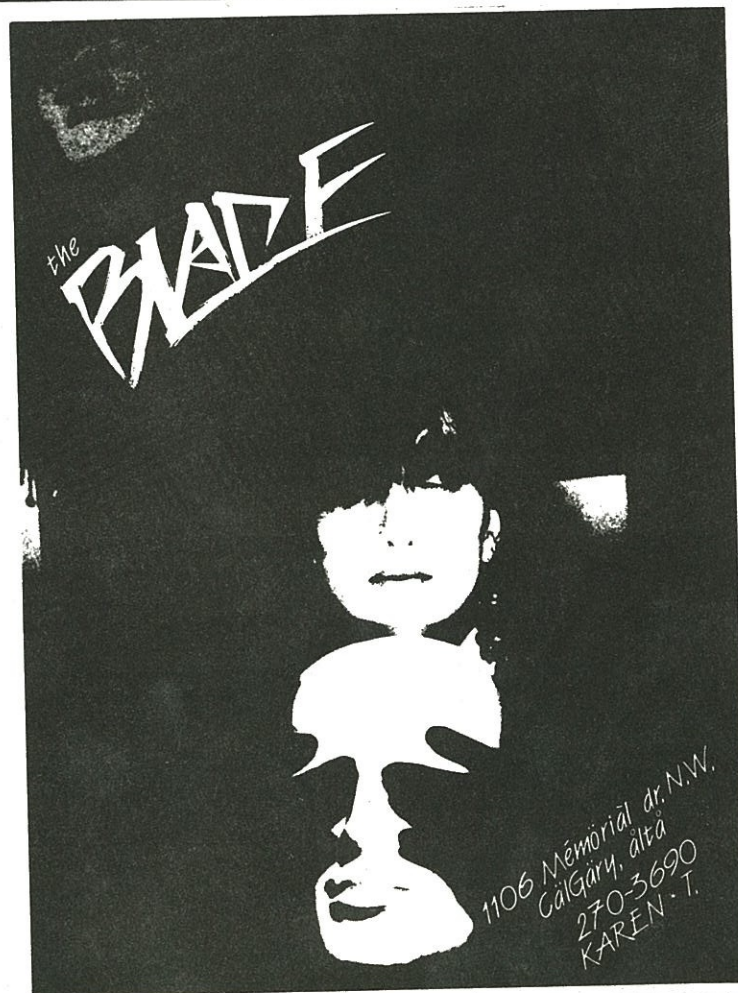
Terry McDermott

The Will ... a concept? Yes, a concept, as yet undefined, but still a concept. A band? Most definitely but a little overwhelmed by the idea of having a concept.

The Will ... first surfaced at a calm enough Ski Club fiasco in the University's Black Lounge. Black, you bet, the band managed to alienate every mixed-up ski punk in the place. However, the groundwork was laid and although the concept was pretentious and hard to swallow, it was obvious this band had promise.

At this first gig, it became apparent that the backbone of The Will... was the bass playing of Ducky King and the artsy lyrics of Don Jewell Davidson. The band then disappeared for 3 months and resurfaced as a tight 4 piece unit featuring King on bass, a new guitarist, Brent Cooper, and a young drummer, Pete Balkwill. The lyricist and singer, Don, was still the same and was the brunt of the critic's wrath.

Now, almost a year later, the band has matured and is riding on the success of college airplay of their E.P. "Causau Sui" in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, and Toronto.



The Great Ego Scratching D.J. Profile

featuring Dodge Vegomatic, host of the Vegetable Music Show, Fridays at 7:00 p.m.

I met with Dodge at his beautiful home in the Nose Hill Trailer Park in late August. Dodge himself greeted me at the door and ushered me into his kitchen. Dodge began the interview in his typically suave way.

D: Want some gum? I got cinnamon and spearmint.

V: Cinnamon please.

D: (Throws gum) So ask me what my favorite movie is.

V: O.K.

D: Godzilla meets Bambi. Ever see it?

V: Gosh no. Who wins?

D: I'll give you a quick rundown of the plot. What you have at the beginning of this movie is Bambi nibbling on grass in the middle of this meadow. Nice pleasant airy music. Then Godzilla's foot comes out of the sky and squashes Bambi.

V: What did it say to you?

D: Well, it said this is the way things are. This is what would happen if Godzilla met Bambi. There's not a hell of a lot more that Bambi could do.

V: Bambi could have struggled to survival, grown up to become a buck with vengeful antlers and then could have snuck up on Godzilla and gored him in the foot.

D: If you ask me what kind of T.V. I watch I'll tell you Monty Python.

V: What about news, sports...?

D: I hate sports. I think sports are the silliest thing in the world. I mean who really cares if some Yugoslavian half-female threw the shot put the farthest. I mean do you really care? Is this really important in your life? Do you really care if the Stamps win or not? Will you sleep nights if Wayne Gretzky never skates again? (Dodge is now perspiring real sweat.)

V: Well, maybe the last item.

D: Well, Gretzky's a fag anyway. (Dodge is not known for his subtlety, or, as you will soon discover, the validity of his sources.) Yeah, that's been written up in all the papers.

V: Which papers? I want names.

D: The National Enquirer. It was right next to an article called "ET was the Father of My Child" shows this little kid with a strainer on it's head and green ears. This is one paper you can trust.

V: Without question but is this your only source of news?

D: I do like to watch the TV news. I watch the Nightly Business Report on PBS every night only because I'm in love with their anchor woman. If you publish this article I'm going to cut it out and send it to her. Her name is Linda O'Brien and I have fallen madly in love with her and I'm going to marry her. However, I haven't seen her legs yet so the engagement is pending.

V: how did you get into radio? Were you walking down the street and Grant Burns walked up to you wearing a raincoat and

said, "Psst kid, wanna get into some..."

D: No, I have a weak stomach. Actually, I precede our beloved despot. I was abandoned as a young child at a small 500 watt radio station in Akron, Ohio that was transformed into CJSW when we went on daylight saving time.

V: I notice you've captured the decadent Friday night slot.

D: Well, Friday night has always been my favorite time because Saturday is a write-off. Therefore you can inject strange substances as you DJ. (A couple of confessions have been edited for the sake of Dodge's absent but very Greek mother.)

V: Let's move along to musical influences. What were you humming, say, 1972-73?

D: I was 12 years old and I was brought up on Top 40 Rock and Roll. I used to listen to CKXL constantly. I hate to admit it but I actually owned both Boston albums at one time.

V: Gads, I thought you could be immunized against that.

D: Well I got rid of them fast. I bought them. I listened to them. They sat in my record collection and then I said, "God, these are awful," and out they went. I'm a man whose reputation was built on quick decisions. I got milk money for the two of them and bought my first pack of Djarum's with it.

V: And now that you're out of the Stoned Age?

D: That's debatable but at present I'm into Siouxsie and the Banshees, particularly **The Creatures**. The concept of that album is fascinating in that it's totally percussive. Budgie plays the drums and the marimba and the congoes...

Robert Fripp interests me. Roxy Music was a blast. I think Brian Ferry's voice is stellar. Phil Manzanera is one of the world's greatest guitarists. What else can you say about this band? Some of their early stuff borders on the sacrilegious (He genuflects.)

V: Have you fixated on a specific sound or feeling for the Vegetable Music Show?

D: Right now I've gotten awfully stagnant. Something drastic is going to happen, I mean, I may have to cut off my right leg or just kill myself. We are definitely in for a change.

Ed note: Often when a CJSW disc jockey is in a rut, he/she will kill off their present personality in the hope that they will be reincarnated into something better. This syndrome is often referred to as "A Hope in Hell".

V: Dare we presume, an entirely new direction that radio has never gone before?

D: Certainly. I intend to do radio broadcasts from beyond the grave. This means acquiring some very special equipment that may not be available yet.

V: Perhaps you could get a clairvoyant.

D: Yeah but you can only get mono that way.

V: I'm sure the station would spring for a pair of them.

D: May I presume something.

V: Whatever you will. This is your interview.

D: I would like to ask you a question.

V: Why Dodge, I'm tickled pink. Carry on.

D: What's your favorite colour?

V: Uhh, I like Black.

D: You like funerals?

V: Only if I can disc jockey them.

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If you hear a cat call or whistle, nevermind, it's probably someone trying to get some service (or else it's the first time they tried Mexican hot sauce).

Excuse our small tables - they were supposed to be bigger (the metric conversion confused our carpenter).

Old timers will notice that there used to be a tailor shop here with a big sign that said "If your clothes are not becoming to you, you should be coming to us." This line of bull has since been replaced by the real thing (that's him staring right at you).

When the spirit moves us, there may be some real live foot stompin' music here. If this happens don't hesitate to move your feet, wiggle your ears or whatever feels good.

Last of all ... we aim to please, so if you ain't pleased let us in on it and we'll set things right ... no bull!

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Top of the Vox

CJSW'S TOP 5 DOMESTIC SINGLES

Freez - I.O.U.
Color Box - Breakdown
Deja Voodoo - Monsters In My Garage
Freur - Doot Doot
Me and the Mosquitos - Valium

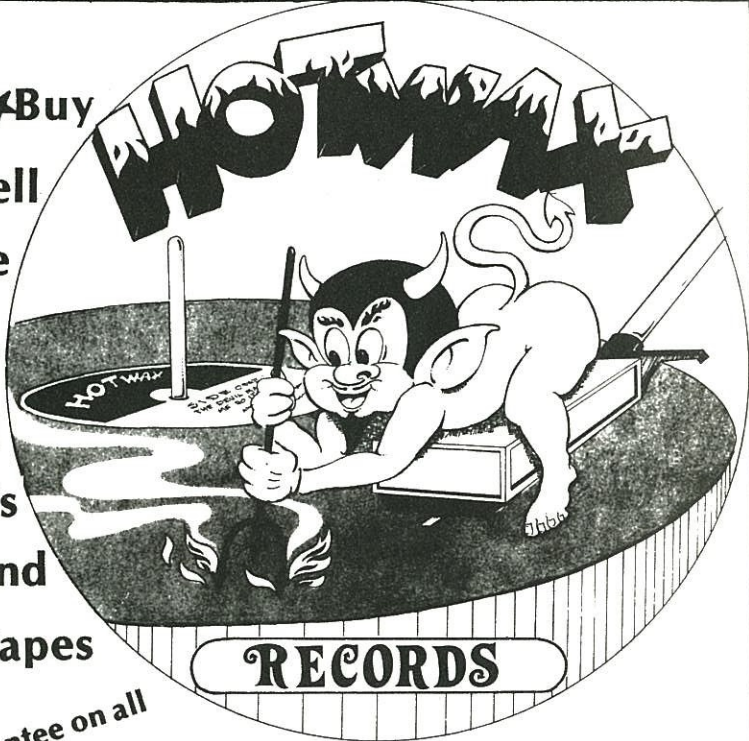
CJSW'S TOP 20 ALBUMS

Bauhaus - Burning From the Inside
Yello - You Gotta Say Yes
Cabaret Voltaire - The Crackdown
The Will - Causa Sui
Kissing the Pink - Naked
The Parachute Club - The Parachute Club
King Sunny Ade - Synchro System
The Cure - The Walk
Talking Heads - Speaking In Tongues
The Alarm - The Alarm
Blue Peter - Falling
Phil Smith - The Phil Smith Album
Shriekback - Care
Rx Offerings - Rx Offerings
Wham! - Fantastic
Yaz - You and Me Both
New Order - Power, Corruption and Lies
Boys Brigade - Boys Brigade
Killing Joke - Fire Dances
Hunters and Collectors - The Fireman's Curse

CJSW'S TOP 10 IMPORT SINGLES

The Creatures - Right Now
The Style Council - In Paris
Sylvian and Sakamoto - Forbidden Colors
Kraftwerk - Tour De France
The Eurythmics - Who's That Girl?
Echo and the Bunnyman - Never Stop
New Order - Confusion
Vision - Love Dance
Xmal Deutschland - Qual

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The Programme Guide to CJSW Rio 101.5 Cable FM

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
8:00 ^a	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
9:00 ^a	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
10:00 ^a	FILLER	CLASSICS FOR BEGINNERS	JAZZ IN A BATH	JAZZ IN A BATH	JAZZ IN A BATH	JAZZ IN A BATH	JAZZ IN A BATH
11:00 ^a	talk	talk	talk	talk	talk	talk	talk
12:00 ^p	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
1:00 ^p	FILLER	ROCK	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	ROCK	P.P
2:00 ^p	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
3:00 ^p	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
4:00 ^p	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
5:00 ^p	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER	FILLER
6:00 ^p	CULTURE BEAT	REVIEWS	INTERVIEWS	CULTURE BEAT	WOW	WOW	WOW
7:00 ^p	Cafe Cancon	ROCKERS	POWER HOUR	FILET	O'SOUL	JUXTAPOSITIONS	Import Selects
8:00 ^p	ALAN'S SHOW	JOHN'S SHOW	NEIL'S SHOW	TERRA SHOW	PERRY'S	JODY'S	JAZZ'S
9:00 ^p	REGGAE	SLICK	ELECTRIC	MIXE	VEGOMATIC	SHOW	VOZZ
10:00 ^p	????????????????	CAL GAREEE	10000000000	U of C. 12 Series	LIVE-PICKS	Regular stuff	Regular stuff ditto!
11:00 ^p	THIS SPACE FOR RENT	POETRY	FORGOTTEN vinyls & other rarities	Performance PICKS (Real Live Music!)	PRETTY WELL ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO LISTEN TO!		
12:00 ^p							
1:00 ^a	THE SPICE OF LIFE						
2:00 ^a							

Highlights

On Campus: A 30 minute program broadcast Monday to Friday at 10:30 a.m., examining events and issues on campus, or of concern to students. The focus lies right here on our own little ivory tower but the input lines flow from

every sector of the known universe, including reviews, interviews, debates, etc.; all interspersed with lovely little bits of music to really wake you up and make you smell the Food Services' grey coffee.

Saturday Magazine: a 3 hour programme following a "magazine format" containing reviews of films, concerts, readings, and art exhibitions, interviews

with news makers and personalities of interest to the university and community at large, music specials and detailed examinations of stories and persons in the news, as well as a re-cap of the week's major news stories.

Rockers' Power Hour: Reggae and Caribbean music styles with guest appearances by members of the local Caribbean Community.

Filet of Soul: An indepth study of the trends and developments of soul, rhythm and blues and other popular black music forms.

Cafe CanCan: An hour's look at Canadian writers, Performers and Artists with a special focus on emerging material and local talent.

Import Selects: Domestically unavailable music from around the world concentrating on new and experimental forms of music.

Zero Hour: A focus on new artists and musical trends, highlighting new domestic additions to the CJSW library.

Blues Connection: An historical essay on the development of blues from its roots to present styles.

Juxtapositions: A weekly comparison between selected musical factions (Sept. 22 - The Guess Who versus Public Image Ltd.)

— R.S. Hamilton —

The Style Council

One of the greatest groups to come out of England's punk explosion was the Jam. The Jam formed in 1976 with 3 members: Paul Weller, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler. In 1982 they disbanded and the 3 members went their separate ways. Rick Buckler, the drummer, joined a heavy metal band and has yet to be heard from. Bruce Foxton, the bassist, has released a funky dance song called "Freak" which is currently doing very well in England. However, the mastermind of The Jam was always touted to be Weller, the guitarist and songwriter, and he is currently fronting an act called The Style Council.

The Style Council consists not only of Weller but also of his partner Mick Talbot, who has the dubious honor of fronting two of the worst bands of the last 6 years, The Merton Parkas and The Bureau. Weller and Talbot have set out to pick up where The Jam left off. The Style Council have released three singles in England, the first being a soulful debut called "Speak like a Child", followed by the political anti-Thatcher "Money-go-Round", and now the love song to end all love songs, the sultry "Long Hot Summer".

"Speak like a Child" was released in March '83 and proved an interesting debut single. The record features the soul feel of the Jam's "The Bitterest Pill..." but surpasses it with a fine female vocal by Tracie (one of Weller's proteges), biting horns and an excellent Talbot keyboard riff. The only musical fault with this record is Weller's bass playing. If Bruce Foxton had played bass on this single it could have been perfect. Another problem is that "Speak like a Child" is really just a forgettable song with no thematic "oomph" that would make it something you could hold up like a flag and be able to argue about when someone slagged it.

"Money-go-Round" was released in June '83. Weller tried to remedy all of the problems he had with his first single. The lack of theme that was missed in the first is overstated in "Money-go-Round" until Weller is almost preaching. The single is about Thatcher's Conservative government and attacks everything from welfare to the Falklands. This is much too big a bite for Weller this early in The Style Council's career.



After the failure of "Money-go-Round" comes the band's third single "Long Hot Summer" which is the highlight of their career to date. Unlike their two previous singles, which give you a feel of a certain contrived interest, "Long Hot Summer" is believable and can be honestly accepted as truly representative of Weller's feelings. The song is a slow electronic ballad that could be compared to a Billy Paul soul song, or more recently, to Spandau Ballet's "True".

The thing that makes this song great is that Weller can sing soulfully like a Billy Paul or a Marvin Gaye. This is one of the reasons "Long Hot Summer" works and Spandau's "True" doesn't. The honesty on this record is its nucleus, and this is the kind of song you can sing to yourself, blushing that you actually believe all that schmaltzy stuff. "Long Hot Summer" shows that The Style Council have discovered their niche in the music scene, picking up where The Jam had aspired but failed.

Weller and Talbot are now on a collision course for greatness as long as they stick to topics of love that everyone can relate to and give opinions on, and if they avoid the political goings-on or catch phrases that your girlfriend might whisper in your ear at the movies when you least expect it.

Unfortunately at the time of writing, all three of these singles are available only on import. But they will be released domestically on a 5-song mini-lp in late September or early November on Polygram records and tapes.

Ivan Mad-Dog Resputin

Bubblegum For Eyes

I don't claim to be a journalist but I have agreed to do a column for "Vox" about Video. But, it is difficult to write about video without writing about television.

It's been 42 years since television began broadcasting commercially and the keyword is "commercially". Television has always been a vehicle for advertising and those producers who talk about responsibility to the viewing public are often most concerned with not offending advertisers.

If a handful of people complain about Sidney's homosexual character on "I Love Sidney" then he is suddenly transformed into a eunuch. Advertisers fear that a minority may become a majority and therefore, we must all be shielded from offensive or controversial topics. This means we must be shielded from reality.

Many fine actors look down on and avoid television for this very reason.

Even in this vast wasteland of bland, warped reality, there are moments of genuine humanity and true brilliance. These are the moments we wait for between commercials.

Seldom do we question how "jiggle-jiggle" viewing is affecting the emotional derangement of our children or the mental state of viewers who already possess a shaky grasp of reality.

What does all this have to do with video?

Well Kids, video is an ad. It is a marketing tool that is now coming of age. This does not mean all is well in Video Land. Video has come to an artistic "Dry Gulch" only a few directors are jumping across.

During a conversation with the Thompson Twins about video, Joe Leeway said, "It's all getting to be very cliché. James Muretich expresses the opinion that "themes are recurring and videos are all beginning to look alike."

I agree with both these gentlemen.

Videos have come a long way from "Stand there and Lip-Synch" performance footage to mini-movies. With the advent of special effects such as computer animation, video compression, video feedback, and advanced editing techniques, a boring group can be transformed into an interesting group.

Here lies the deception and the consumers must be more careful than ever before not to be deceived by projected false images.

In the months ahead, I'll write about the director, the cost, MTV, Friday Night Video, Video Art and more on the state of the "Glass Teat". Until next time, "Here's Gum in Your Eye".

Mike Bezzeg

Ear Wax

Bauhaus *Burning From the Inside* (Polygram)

I'd love to listen to/write about this record without comparisons to other music, but flags keep popping up all over. On Side 1: "Antonin Artaud" has Adam Ant's swing and Public Image's squall; "King Volcan" rings of Phil Manzanera's "Criollo"; and "Who Killed Mr. Moolight" has John Foxx and early Roxy bouncing about in my head. Side 2: "Slice of Life" has a great post-folk sound -- wish I could peg what it reminds me of. More Adam/PIL on "Honeymoon Croon"...I'll stop there and let you fight with your memory over where you think you've heard it before. Overall well executed, Bauhaus' swan song sports excellent variety, and not a bad track in the bunch. If you like music with a hostile edge -- the only common denominator (excepting the final song) through this rotary vinyl slab -- I clearly recommend **Burning From the Inside**.

C.C.

Jon Hassel *Alta Darbari Java* (Polygram)

It's damn seldom that I will buy a new release at full price, (I think the last time was Joe Jackson's *Night and Day*), but there was no hesitation in this case.

The odd man out from this otherwise nouveau-wave batch of wax, Hassell is the gentleman behind the ethereal trumpets you heard on Talking Heads *Remain in Light*. An expatriate American now living in Toronto (!), Hassell demonstrates extraordinary sensibilities in his mating of the technological, third, and primitive worlds.

As I sit here listening, I realize that there's really nothing I can say that will do this work justice. Buy it. And hope that Canadian Content regulations help gain this man the recognition he deserves rather than only promoting shitheels like Lover-boy.

C.C.



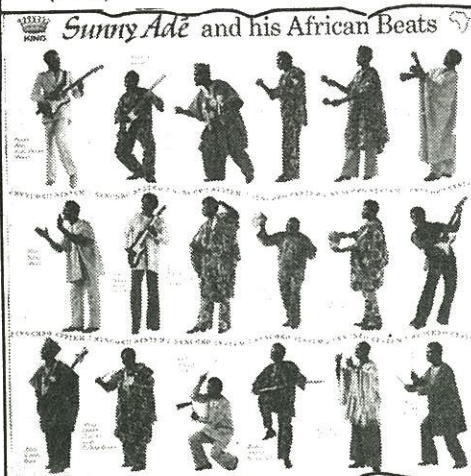
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King Sunny Ade *Syncho System* (WEA)



Out of Nigeria comes that country's answer to Glenn Miller. His name is King Sunny Ade. King Sunny was first introduced to North America in a greatest hits record called, *Juju Music*, featuring such classics as "Ja Fummi" and "The Message". The follow up to this record is *Syncho System*, which selects from his latest Nigerian releases "Ajoo" and "Bobby".

Syncho System is sung totally in Yoruban, and consequently is unintelligible to the average Canuck. The only Yoruban word necessary to enjoy this record is "Maajo" meaning "Dance on". The word figures prominently in songs, "E Saiya Re", "Mo Ti Mo", "Penkele", "Maajo", and the title track, "Syncho System." The African rhythms circulate through your body like a nervous twitch, and demand that you dance.

If you've every enjoyed any reggae or soul records, then the new King Sunny Ade will give you a full perspective on Black music and it's also one helluva dance record. Buy, Buy, Buy....

Ivan Mad-Dog Rasputin

The Cure *The Walk* (WEA)

When we last heard The Cure, they had completed their descent into the hell-on-earth they created on the Album *Pornography*. *The Walk* finds them savouring the delights of the only apparent distraction from their torments. We're talking "sex", the big tease. This is the first time The Cure have scrutinized sex in detail and one imagines that they find it merely an evening's, dare I say a mini-lp's, diversion.

"Upstairs Room" begins in mid-song as if we, the listeners, have barged in at an awkward moment. Indeed "awkward" seems an appropriate description of the platonic relationship portrayed in the tune, although one always dreams for more. When vocalist Robert Smith whines,

I don't think I could love
Anyone but you, that's for sure
That's for sure...

I'm tempted to ask, "Who is he trying to convince?"

Smith and Laurence Tolhurst are the only remaining members of The Cure now that Bassist Simon Gallup has been the latest to leave the haunted house. This fact may be

reflected in the light and whimsical use of keyboards in the title track and "The Dream". Compared to the low, thin, and grim *Pornography*, *The Walk* is just plain bouncy.

The single from this work is "Let's Go to Bed". Alert Cure fans already have this as a 12 inch. This gem shines with an "Oh, alright, but let's get it over with before the late news comes on" attitude to sex.

The two of us together again
It's just the same, a stupid game
...And I won't say it, if you won't say it
...Let's go to bed

The Walk appears to be a little excursion into escapist sex that The Cure went on just for a change from all the pain they've dispensed on previous albums. The much needed cure they are groping for still eludes them.

(Sorry 'bout that, but consider that I could have used an ounce of Joy Division is worth a pound of Cure. Yeah, not much choice.)

Johnny B. Uganda

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New Order *Confusion* (Polygram)

I'm confused. These boys work 9 to 5 at the gloomy album factory. Then late at night they put on white suits and meet in a dark New York studio with a producer name Shakin' Baker and a drum machine and a big mother echo unit and synths and... The result is in the Yazzo/*Situation* to Steve Miller/*Abra Cadaver* range.

Confusion! All semblance of order dissolves. Cold wave has been shot, fatally. I don't know where to turn. Thank goodness it hasn't been released domestically, ... yet.

Johnny B. Uganda



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Cabaret Voltaire **The Crackdown** (Polygram)

In existence (with now ex-member Chris Watson) since 1974, and on record (on relatively inaccessible European labels) since 1978, Cabaret Voltaire may have, at least, finally found a commercial niche to slide into. Sporting the latest poly-synth-funk dance beat, side 1 begins with little promise other than repetitious keyboard lines and chanted vocals on "24-24". Had not the remaining tracks on this side picked up (beginning with the addition of tribal drums and horns on "In the Shadows") I would have lost interest quite quickly. But "Talking Time" and "Animation", comprising the second half of the side then sprouted driving beats powerful enough on their own to keep my attention. Hopefully flipping the disk, I found nothing of interest out of the five tunes save "Why Kill Time (When You Can Kill Yourself)", itself noteworthy only because of a distinctly irritating discord.

All in all, since I can give this record a 2.5/9, I can recommend it solely to the highly dance happy and disciples of the keen rhythm track. Oh... just one other thing -- Polygram added four extra tunes to the cassette version of this release. I only find that artificial attempt at boosting tape sales immature and offensive.

C.C.



Kissing the Pink **Naked** (WEA)

Side one, first cut. This is the usual approach to listening to an album. Impressions get formed this way too. If the first song is really good, then it sets the mood for the rest, providing the style or theme is consistent or somewhat similar throughout the album. Well, don't let the "The Last Film", which is the first song on the first side of Kissing the Pink's first album impress you too much. The thrill ends there. Almost.

The most difficult aspect of judging **Naked** is trying to classify it. Of course, most music is hard to categorize. There's everything from good ol' Rock 'n' Roll, (but what is that anymore?) to the all-encompassing New Wave; and that could include synthetic pop music, electro-pop, cold wave, new-jazz, even depresso-rock, (remember old Joy Division?), plus myriads of others too confusing to print. Kissing the Pink, a billiards term I'm told, has a style which is a conglomeration of all.

One could easily imagine **Naked** being a soundtrack recording from a futuristic war

movie. Each song could depict scenes completely different from each other; indeed each is reliant only on itself. Many of their songs are upbeat, sax-laced, and echo-plagued. The odd one or two, like "Broken Body", are typically neurotic tunes of desperation set to a jerky drum beat over surreal, 'subconscious', female voices. Themes of fighting and violence are intermittently dispersed throughout both sides of the album. One can't help but think of U2's **War** album, and can't help but realize that Kissing the Pink, even with their marching beat, whistling schoolboys and chorus of Englishmen's voices, doesn't come close. These fetching motifs are most evident in, "The Last Film" and "Big Man Restless". Both songs are cleverly and strategically placed first on each side and will leave you pleased with your purchase only if you have to run off shortly after listening to them.

Don't get me wrong. Kissing The Pink is no basement band. The musicians are obviously talented, no one stands out as an overpowering band leader, and all sing as the "voice" credits tell us on the back of the jacket. ("vocals appear to be passe") All the usual instruments are played, including the omnipresent synthesizer and an effervescent saxophone, which manages to add a little spice. So what? One or two songs are outstanding, but doesn't every album out these days have at least one prominent cut? **Naked** is just another album, one which you'll most likely forget about in a few months. If every song on this disc seems to be reminiscent of other groups, my advice is to concentrate, financially and otherwise, on those other groups.

Jody Nassr

The Alarm **The Alarm** (A & M)

The Alarm is a tight four piece band on the I.R.S. label (known for supplying us with the Buzzcocks and The Fleshtones etc.) who hail from the "greater" city of London. Their first release is a self-titled mini album that consists of five original tracks.

What this album proves is that the Clash can be reincarnated in costume, not unlike Kentucky squirrel hunter circa 1830, with Country-rock tunes in hand. The songtitles relate to a love of the outdoors and the rugged way of life. As I listen to the album I envision six or seven sweaty mustached men building log cabins and drinking High Test somewhere in the wild, wild west.

Not since the Kinks album, **Muswell Hillbillies**, have a British band proclaimed such a longing for New Orleans, Oklahoma, Tennessee, or the Black Hills that they ain't never seen.

At least Ray Davies worked tongue-in-cheek.

Don't get me wrong. The Alarm is a tight band and can be exciting when recorded live. Listen to the raw last track on the second side, "For Freedom." My problem with them is that I'm not too keen on the way they are applying their talents. This album pours out fine country-rock but country-rock is far from new or alternative, especially when you hail from a city that calls its coliseum the Saddledome. If you are interested in top rate music of this kind, spend your money on Rank and File. As for the Alarm, get a friend to buy their album.

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David Bowie Is A Slut

For more than a decade, David Bowie has been content to live and make music just below the surface of popular appeal. But with the release of his latest album, "Let's Dance" (promoted by the immensely profitable "Serious Moonlight" Tour) Bowie has erupted into sudden superstar status.

His coolly elegant style, his perfectly coiffured hairstyle, and his mass-targeted music, have put him on the cover of every music magazine (not to mention Time's banal, ego-stroking cover story) and on the play lists of every pop or rock radio station in North America.

Once admired for his distinctive and creative music, David Bowie has become a mere pop superstar.

There is no question that Bowie is capable of producing music of the highest quality. But, for loyal hard-core Bowie fans who have followed him through his "Hunky Dory" and "Low" days, who admired the musical ground that was broken with the likes of Brian Eno and Robert Fripp, and who know that lyrics such as "Put on your red shoes and dance the blues" are not as profound as everyone is pretending, it is disillusioning to see Neo-Bowie fans with

their sleeveless David Bowie T-shirts calling the golden-haired chanteuse the world's greatest musician on the virtue of his recent MOR-targeted album.

Until recently, Bowie never watered-down his product or his image for mass acceptance. But, when Bowie begins renouncing his past accomplishments -- saying that artistic risks are only an "interesting" way of looking at things, and disguising all the controversial qualities that made him a little "too weird" to become everybody's darling -- for the sake of becoming palatable to everyone from bubblegum-chewing teenagers to housewives, it is called "Selling Out."

Now Bowie regrets admitting his bisexuality, has changed the name of his son, christened Zowie, to the more waspy Joey, has claimed that the song "China Girl" (written four years ago with Iggy Pop!) is a heart felt expression of heterosexual devotion for his oriental girlfriend, and has denied dressing up in the women's clothing that constituted his transverse persona, Ziggy Stardust. Heartland USA welcomes this wholesome transformation but then again, Heartland USA eats up spoon fed

Duran Duran.

For people who appreciate the depth of talent that is Bowie, the man is prostituting his art. Although during this Bowie rage any condemnation will be classified as blasphemy, Bowie's apparent sudden need for a mass audience, the dilution of his musical standards and the denouncement of his past, indicate he is no longer satisfied with being a great artist as an end in itself.

In a recent Rolling Stone interview, Bowie dismisses such masterpieces as "Young Americans" and "Scary Monsters" as unfulfilling.

"I've had a considerable amount of success," he allows, "but some of it left me feeling quite empty. It didn't fill me up again with anything."

Poor lonely misunderstood Bowie.

Hopefully, churning out easily-accessible pop music and preening his pastel-draped form in front of millions of indiscriminate admirers will give Bowie the acceptance and adoration he so desperately craves.

But it's no game, David, and you can't have mass appeal and artistic integrity at the same time.

Shelley Youngblut
Ann Angebrandt

Cue Tips

These are the Top 10 Fav Albums of some of our D.J.'s prepared under duress. If nothing else in this issue captures your interest, at least check out these albums. We'd give our souls for any one of them....

Velvet Undergroaund - **The Velvet Underground With Nico**
Roxy Music - **For Your Pleasure**
David Bowie - **Hunky Dory**
Miles Davis - **Kind of Blue**
The Jam - **In the City**
Talking Heads - **Remain In Light**
Sex Pistols - **Never Mind the Bullocks**
Dexys Midnight Runners - **Searching For the Young Soul Rebels**
Aretha Franklin - **Aretha's Gold**
Ella Fitzgerald - **Ella Live**

Nasty Bob

Frank Sinatra - **This is Sinatra**
Roxy Music - **For Your Pleasure**
The Ramones - **It's Alive**
Allez Allez - **Promises**
The English Beat - **Wha'appen?**
The Jam - **The Gift**
Echo and the Bunnymen - **Heaven Up Here**
King Sunny Ade - **Juju Music**
The Talking Heads - **Remain In Light**
Orange Juice - **Rip It Up.**

Magenta Wensleydale

Black Uhuru - **The Dub Factor**
Keith Jarret - **Koln**
New Order - **Movement**
Talking Heads - **Remain In Light**
UB40 - **Signing Off**
David Byrne/Brian Eno - **My Life in the Bush of Ghosts**
David Bowie - **Heroes**
Simple Minds - **Sons and Fascination**
Roxy Music - **For Your Pleasure**
UB40 - **Present Arms**

Malibu Ken

Toots and the Maytalls - **Funky Kingston**
Burning Spear - **Marcus Garvey**
Specials - **Ist**
Meters - **Rejuvenation**
Roxy Music - **Avalon**
Dexy's Midnight Runners - **Searching for the Young Soul Rebels**
Joy Division - **Still**
Van Morrison - **Moondance**
John Coltrane - **Impressions**

Kim Baker



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